

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, October 8, 1803.

The Maid of Switzerland.

A TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

"BY means of that singular incident which introduced me to you I became sensible of the cruel sacrifice I had made of my liberty to the contemptible motives of interested ambition. On the first sight of my lovely cousin my whole soul was devoted to her. Enchanted with the irresistible and unaffected simplicity of her character, and that air of ingenuousness and candour she possesses, the artless and bewitching graces of her person, as far removed from the coarseness of the rustic as from the affected delicacy and false refinement of the fine lady. Thus charmed, I involuntarily gave myself up to a passion as pure as it was tender. Lost in the pleasing labyrinth of love, I was not sensible of my error till I had inadvertently betrayed myself to Julia, and that knowledge instead of displeasing seemed to inspire her with favourable sentiments for me. I could not, however, conquer myself so far as to disclose to Julia immediately my situation: my heart, fondly enamoured, imprudently indulged itself in the rapturous pleasure of a reciprocal assurance of love. Too late my heart smote me for the perfidy I had unwittingly committed. In a paroxysm of anguish and despair I hastened to communicate to you my unfortunate situation, and the resolution I have formed of flying for ever from the presence of my too lovely cousin. Neither could I leave you, dear madam, without first deprecating

ing your just resentment for the injury I have done you, though unintentionally. Impressed with contrition, I intreat your forgiveness of an involuntary fault, and if the sense of my misery can soften your resentment, be assured it is as great as my passion is hopeless.

Surprized and perplexed, Madame de Clemengis, on Valmont's ceasing, remained for some moments silent; recovering, however, "Valmont," said she, "I can sooner pardon your promising to love my daughter, so circumstanced, than your disingenuity in concealing it thus long. Though both are indefensible, the one is certainly more excusable than the other, inasmuch as our passions are not always in our own power, but honour ought ever to controul our conduct. And—" "I see," cried Valmont, despondingly interrupting her, "I see it is in vain to hope for your pardon; farewell then, madam, and believe me, the thought of having given you pain is as afflictive as the severity of that fate which deprives me of happiness for ever."

Affected by his last words, and the grief expressed in his countenance, Madame de Clemengis recalled him as he was leaving her, with the most earnest assurances of her total forgetfulness of every thing that had passed with one condition only, "Never to attempt a clandestine correspondence with his cousin;" to which he solemnly consenting, she embraced him tenderly, and having already taken leave of Julia, he instantly left the house in a state of mind better imagined than described.

How strong were the emotions of Julia on being made acquainted with Valmont's situation? Wounded to the soul, she endeavoured to appear composed and indifferent. Madame de Clemengis saw thro', but pardoned the natural finesse and per-

ceived with concern how deeply she was affected by the intelligence. The truth was, she felt it as a disappointment herself. Finding a disorder she had from her youth increase daily to an alarming height, so as to threaten a speedy dissolution, she felt a thousand anxieties for the fate of her daughter when death should deprive her of her only protection. Having fondly flattered herself the predilection Valmont had discovered might have produced an union which would have relieved her of part of the solicitude she felt at the thought of leaving her. But now the image of Julia's unprotected and friendless state perpetually presented itself. She ardently wished to secure to her some protector when that should happen which every day rendered more probable. Her confidence in the honour of Valmont remained unshaken; yet he, in the eye of the world did not seem so proper a guardian to youth and beauty as one of maturer years. His father, the Marquis, she recollected, though of a cold and haughty character, had ever expressed the greatest regard for his brother, and for several years in his letters continually solicited him to return to the world. But the constancy with which Mons. de Clemengis adhered to his solitude, caused a coolness which time rather increased than diminished, and at his death all connection seemed lost. Madame de Clemengis imagined, however, the orphan remains of one so nearly related must interest him in spite of any former pique he might still retain. And who could more properly become the guardian of Julia than her uncle, a man of rank and honour? Convinced of this, she hesitated not, but instantly wrote to Valmont, requesting him to inform his father of the uncertain state of her health, and to interest him, to honour with his protection his

orphan niece. The task per mind become easier, and REPOSITORY. to dissipate the gloom.

On the Present Alarm.

I have sent among you the PESTILENCE; yet ye have not returned to me, saith the LORD—Therefore, thus will I do unto thee, O Israel! and because I will do this unto thee, PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.

Amos iv. 10. 12.

WHETHER we regard the present awful visitation with the eye of Christianity, Philosophy, or Deism, we must acknowledge, as a solemn truth, that it comes from HIM, with whom are "the destinies of the universe;" and, as Almighty wisdom and goodness are among His attributes, we must, we cannot but conclude, that all His designs and dispensations are wise and good. Let us, therefore, endeavour (but with humility and reverence) to trace what those designs are, with respect to the subject before us. The *Christian*, who rests his confidence and hope on the Revelation of the Divine Will, may discover in my motto, as well as in its context, and several other places of the Sacred Scripture, that every visitation of judgments from HEAVEN, is designed ultimately for the good of Man. In common with the Philosopher and Deist, he perceives the hand of GOD manifested in every part of the administration of the world but, at the same time, he goes further; and, while he sees that Almighty hand holding calamity over his head—or feels it pressing him down with affliction, for wandering from the prescribed path of duty, he also sees it present, for his acceptance, the means by which he may avert the calamity, or rise from the affliction—by *returning unto the LORD*. He is convinced, that, as the road of *Virtue* is the only road to happiness; so, every deviation from it must, in the degree, be an advance towards misery: and, therefore, if he suffers, he naturally concludes that his own misconduct alone has been the cause of all his suffering. He acknowledges his punishment to be just; is deeply penitent for his crimes against that Gracious Being from whom he receives all good; implores his pardoning mercy for the past; is resolved, thro' divine assistance, to lead a better life for the future; and therefore, immediately engages his whole

heart and soul for the purpose of effecting a complete reformation. Let us now see, whether these observations can be of any service to us, if applied to the present juncture.

I fondly persuade myself that the great body of my fellow citizens of Philadelphia are Christians. They certainly are, if a fair judgment may be formed by their professions, and by their regular attendance at places of Divine Worship: At any rate, bad as the world may be said to be, I am pretty well convinced, that few of us would be displeased at being *thought real Christians*. And yet, I have heard some, whose lives are apparently good, use expressions of regret at the present calamitous visitation upon our city, which, in my opinion, amounted to repinings and murmuring at the dispensations of PROVIDENCE: Such as, "what pity it is that such a fair flourishing City should ever be attacked by such a desolating disease! Why should it be more subject to attack than other Cities? Surely its people are as good as those of others, &c."—But, certainly, those people either do not extend their reflection far enough; or they form but a partial and inaccurate estimate of things. Unfortunately for many of us, we are but too apt to ascribe to some cause immediately preceding, an effect which might possibly have been produced by a very remote cause, or by a chain or concurrence of causes: and, because short-sighted Man is unable to decry the cause, he is sometimes inclined to doubt, perhaps to deny the divine administration of the universe by the "GREAT FIRST CAUSE, the ALMIGHTY CAUSE OF ALL CAUSES." Now, in the present case, I would ask—would any sincere Christian say, that our citizens in general have, for ten years past, done nothing at all that deserved the displeasure of the Righteous Governor of the world? Or could he say, that for HEAVEN to send one general punishment for the united crimes of a city, would be more inconsistent with impartial justice, than to inflict on an individual, an individual punishment adequate to his deserts? History, Profane as well as Sacred, from the earliest ages, contains many strik-

ing instances to prove, that individuals, cities, states, kingdoms and nations, all over the world, have always prospered in proportion to their Virtue; and that, as uniformly, for their vices, they have sometimes been scourged, and sometimes totally destroyed, by the Supreme Ruler over all. It has, therefore, been under a serious and deep impression of this momentous truth, that the wisest legislators in the world have ever held *Piety and Morality* to be the only solid pillars upon which the prosperity and felicity of communities could securely rest and be perpetuated: If these be impaired, the fairest fabric of human hope and promise, must be precarious; if they be taken away, it must soon inevitably fall. Indeed, observation and experience may both convince us, that it must have been designed by HEAVEN, that punishment should ever be necessarily consequent upon crime: and that, as Virtue and Happiness are emphatically inseparable companions; so, also, must be Vice and Misery, Sin and Sorrow, to the end of time.

Here let me pause.—The intelligent and reflecting reader will readily excuse the length of these observations; for he will perceive that the subject is of a nature too important to be passed over hastily. He will also perceive, that *every dispensation of PROVIDENCE is designed for the good of Man*; and that *the evils which Man suffers are justly chargeable upon himself alone*:—a truth of more magnitude than, at first sight, it might appear to be. It now remains to point out the grand specific, or sovereign REMEDY against all evils of every kind, which, according to the implication in my motto, is proposed to us; as, also, to shew the danger of delaying to accept, and the dreadful consequences of finally rejecting the gracious offer. These I intend to bring forward at another period. B.

EXTRACT.

CICERO, in his treatise on Old Age, has a fine criticism on the Latin word *convivium*; which is rendered, in English, *feast* or *banquet*. It expresses, says he, not the pleasure of *feasting together*, but that of *living together*.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

A Mother's Reflections,

On hearing two excellent Sermons lately preached

ON THE

PIOUS EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

HOW momentous is the charge intrusted to the care of parents—the charge of giving early instruction to their children,—those dearest pledges of mutual affection, which form the tenderest ties of human life!—not merely such instruction as will enable them to shine on the great theatre of *this world*; but such as will prepare them to become heirs of heaven and immortality. With what truth and justice did Mr. — set forth and inforce this all-important, but alas! too much neglected subject! And how deeply do I regret the deficiency of my ability to discharge this sacred duty as it ought to be done! But, where shall I look for assistance? 'Tis vain to suppose that human means, however ample, can avail, without the blessing of the Almighty: 'Tis vain to expect that the soul can derive any good from human aid alone; or that any relief can be afforded to the body, when pressed, down under a burden of cares, without the Divine permission. No! These must come from above, whence cometh every good and perfect gift; and they can only be obtained by humble, devout, earnest and unceasing prayer. If Divine Grace be requisite, to prepare the heart to perform, in a proper and acceptable manner, any one duty incumbent upon us;—how much more, in the present case, does it appear necessary, to enable us to fulfil, as we ought, the complicated and urgent task, which a parent feels to be one of the first of duties! Oh! then, may it be my first object, by prayer and supplication, to implore the assistance and guidance of the Holy Spirit, by which alone I can be enabled faithfully to discharge the momentous trust which God has committed to me as a mother! May I view, in a proper light, the all-important situation in which I stand, with respect to Him, and the dear children whom he has been pleased to give me! May I be deeply impressed with the awful consideration, that on me may depend their everlasting happiness or misery; in order that thereby I may so regulate my life and conversation, as that, while I inculcate on their tender minds the divine precepts of Christianity, my own example may strengthen them in the practice of its various duties! For, O Heavenly Father,

it is my fervent prayer, that thou wouldst sooner consign the bodies of the darling infants whom I cherish, to the cold embraces of the silent tomb, and thus destroy my fondest hopes, and blast my fairest prospects, on earth, than that thou shouldst suffer them to live for me to *point* the road to Heaven and *lead* the road to hell! O horrid and insupportable the thought! What! Shall I engage in the scenes of wickedness, and enjoy the pleasures of sin for a *season*, and leave my precious babes, to perish, with myself *for ever*? Forbid it, thou Father of mercies! Teach me my duty to Thee. Teach me my duty to them. And, since so frail and inconsistent is human nature, O strengthen every feeble resolution which I have made to maintain, preserve and bring up in the nurture and admonition of the LORD, the dear children whom thou hast been pleased to bestow; and, while thou seest best and right to continue us in this world, O lead us in the way wherein we should go, thy way everlasting, and we cannot err, for it will finally conduct us to Thee!

Caracaros and Zedara.

AN INDIAN TALE.

THE name of Caracaros had been heard with terror by the Spaniards, long after their settlement in South America; he was a prince descended from the Inca's of Peru, and most of his ancestors had been sacrificed to the treachery and inhumanity of the Christian invaders. He had taken the field twice against the Spanish viceroy, with great success, and would in all probability have possessed himself of the city of Mexico, but for the baseness of his own countrymen, who insiduously betrayed him to Don Lopez, one of the Spanish generals.

Finding his head quarters surprized, Caracaros, accompanied by his son Guyomar and a few faithful followers, cut his way thro' a host of the enemy, in a most desperate manner. He fled with precipitation to the mountains, where he was sure to find a temporary asylum from the malice of his foes. The Spaniards by this stroke had gained a capital advantage; such of the Mexicans, who were not destroyed in the attack, laid down their arms, and became slaves to the conquerors, who possessed themselves at the same time of an immense treasure, which the unfortunate Caracaros had accumulated for recovering the liberties of his country.

Among the prisoners made by the Spaniards, were his wife Orella, and his daughter Zedara, a beautiful girl, about 12 years of age; they were taken undistinguished among the tumult, and carried to Mexico, with a great number of unhappy captives. Orella took particular pains to conceal her rank from the Spaniards, hoping she and Zedara were more likely to escape, as private persons, than if their real characters were known. They were settled in the family of Don Lopez, who had been lately married to the daughter of the viceroy. This lady, tho' a native of Spain, felt greatly for the sufferings of the miserable people, over whom her father exercised his authority. She no sooner saw Zedara, than she became prejudiced in her favour, and placed her and her mother, after a short time, among those attendants who were constantly about her person.

Orella had formed several plans to escape to her affectionate Caracaros; but the great distance of the place where he was posted from Mexico, and the continual successes of the Spaniards against such of the natives as made any opposition to their progress, deterred her from attempting to put any of them into execution. The repeated alarms she suffered, and her anxiety for the fate of her husband, threw her into a malady which nature was not able to sustain, and she died some months after, in the arms of Zedara, conjuring her, in her last moments, to pursue the fortune of her father, and never to depart from the religion of her country.

Caracaros did not continue long in the place where he first took refuge, but with Guyomar, and a small number of his troops, penetrated through a desert part of the country, till they arrived at a warlike nation of Indians, who had been long settled on the borders of the great South Sea, where he hoped, by his representations of the Spanish tyranny to gain some assistance for his desponding brethren, who groaned under their yoke.

He spent a considerable time among these people, without being able to effectuate his purpose in the manner he expected. As a nation, these people were by no means inclined to commence hostilities against an army of Europeans, who from report could command thunder and lightning to destroy their assailants; they however gave Caracaros leave to raise as many men as would voluntarily enter into his service. With this permission he in a short time augmented his troops to about 1500, with whom he returned towards Mexico, not

doubting but that his army would be considerably increased, when his adherents heard he was once more able to act offensively.

During these transactions, the lady of Don Lopez had behaved with the greatest tenderness to her favourite Zedaria, who was so filled with gratitude, for the obligations she had received, and so little able to oppose the arguments which were made use of to prevail on her to renounce Paganism, that she readily embraced the Catholic religion, and was christened with great ceremony by the name of Mariana.

Don Sebastian, the youngest son of a grandee of Spain, who commanded a troop of horse under Don Lopez, and occasionally visited his family, was so struck with the beauty and accomplishments of this amiable captive, that he felt great uneasiness on the occasion. He was too much a man of honour to violate the laws of hospitality by attempting to seduce her from the protection of his friend, and had too much pride to think of declaring a virtuous passion for an obscure slave, who was supposed to be the offspring of a Peruvian peasant: a report which Orella, in order to conceal her quality, had successfully propagated.

Sebastian, however, could not absent himself from the object of his admiration, and every day added to the violence of his passion, which was at length discovered by Don Lopez, who had long secretly entertained unlawful views upon his wife's favorite. He determined therefore to break off their connection as soon as possible, and, pretending to be greatly offended with Sebastian's conduct, forbade him his house. The lady of Don Lopez was carried off by a sudden illness about this period, an accident which gave Sebastian the utmost concern, as he had for time suspected a rival in that general; and, trembling for the consequences of Mariana being in his power, was determined at all events to rescue her from destruction.

For this purpose, despising the ridicule to which he laid himself open by the declaration, he boldly avowed his affection for Mariana, and applied to the Viceroy for leave to marry her in public. This request was not complied with; but the Governor directed, that, as the girl was a Christian, and as her kind mistress had made her free some time before her dissolution, she should be at liberty to leave the family of Lopez, whenever she thought proper.

The Spanish general, irritated at these proceedings, caused his attendants to re-

move Mariana in the night to a village about six miles from the capital, near the place where his head quarters were fixed.

(To be Continued.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE REPULSE.

A Young man of libertine principles, sauntering through a flower garden, met a young Lady who was carrying a couple of flower-pots from one bed to another—"Ah Julia," said he, "I am sorry you are so heavily laden—now confess, would not you rather that your arms encircled me, than those pots of dirt"....."And what are you, but clay," said she, "dirt baser than this, for it (obedient to the will of God) contributes to bring to perfection his works; but you labour to blast creation's fairest ornaments, in defiance of every law human and divine." The young man, quite abashed, turned upon heel, and left her.

W.

From the American Daily Advertiser.

MR. POULSON,

Having been long in search of the Philosopher's Stone, I have found patience a very necessary article towards obtaining my desired success; and as I have many processes going forward at the same time, one of which was the decomposition of patience, in which after many experiments I have been successful, and find its component parts to consist of,

- $\frac{1}{2}$ Ounce of Common Sense,
- 1 Scruple of Conscience,
- 1 Grain of Faith,
- 1 Ounce of St. Paul's Charity,
- 1 Ounce St. John's love of God,
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Grain of Fortitude,
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Grain of Hope,
- 1 lb of disappointment,
- 1 lb of Knowledge of our own ignorance.

These well amalgamated in the athanor of the heart, produce the medicine called PATIENCE, which is almost as precious as the Elixir of Life, which is the ultimate end of all our labours, and not, as commonly imagined, the transmutation of the baser metals into gold; those that seek only that will never find it; it is only those who by patient perseverance in their researches after our Divine Elixir will obtain a quantum sufficit of the precious metals.

AN ALCHEMIST.

N. B. There is a counterfeit Patience much used called Patience per force, which, although of much utility, operates harshly, whereas the true is easy of digestion with out any griping or other uneasy sensations.

AGRICULTURAL.

A man, in this state, in preparing his seed wheat for sowing, steeped one bushel 12 hours in pickle, and then rolled it in plaister, and sowed it thro' the middle of a field containing 11 or 12 acres; on each side of this throughout the field, he sowed wheat that had been rolled in plaister, but not pickled. Soon after the grain began to vegetate, he perceived a striking difference, and that, during the whole growth, the stems of the pickled seed were much superior in thriftiness and luxuriance.

After reaping, threshing and measuring the grain, and making a comparison between the products of the pickled and unpickled seed, (which was done the present year,) the owner has affirmed it as his opinion, that, if he had pickled the whole of the seed which was sown in that field, his crop would have been increased thereby, not less than 70 or 80 bushels.

PHILADELPHIA,

OCTOBER 8, 1802.

Health of the City.

HEALTH-OFFICE REPORTS.

ENDING EACH DAY AT NOON.

Cases of Malignant Fever in the City and Liberties.

Oct. 1. From thirty-one physicians—11 new cases.

Oct. 3. From thirty-one physicians, for 48 hours—26 new cases.

Oct. 4. From thirty-three physicians—9 new cases, and 1 of 7 days illness.

Oct. 5. From thirty physicians—3 new cases.

Oct. 6. From thirty-one physicians—6 new cases.

Oct. 7. From thirty-two physicians—5 new cases.

Total number of cases reported to the Board of Health from the 1st to the 7th of October, 61.

City Hospital Reports.

Ending each day at 8 o'clock in the morning.

	Admit.	Died	Dischar.	Rem. in Hosp.	
Oct. 1.—5	0	0	30	8	convalescent.
— 2.—2	4	4	23	5	
— 3.—2	4	0	21	6	
— 4.—2	2	1	20	6	
— 5.—0	1	5	14	4	
— 6.—1	2	4	10	3	
— 7.—3	0	1	12	3	
Totals, 15	13	15			

INTERMENTS

In the Public Ground.

Oct. 1.	2
— 2.	8
— 3.	10
— 4.	5
— 5.	5
— 6.	5
— 7.	4
—39 total.	

Interments in the different Burial-grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia—ending each day at noon.

(Collected for the Board of Health)

	Adults	Children	Total
Oct. 1.	4	2	6
— 2.	22	7	29
— 3.	7	3	10
— 4.	12	2	14
— 5.	6	4	10
— 6.	9	0	9
— 7.	60	18	78

FEVER IN NEW-YORK.

Reports of the Committee of Health.

September 30. Thirty-three new cases, and thirteen deaths.

October 1. Seventeen new cases, and nine deaths.

October 3. For the last 48 hours—Forty-four new cases, and thirty deaths.

October 4. Twenty-eight new cases, and ten deaths.

October 5. Twenty-seven new cases, and eleven deaths.

October 6. Forty-one new cases, and nine deaths.

Comparative Census of New York, as taken in 1801, and in the month of September 1803.

	In 1801	In Sept. 1803
1st Ward,	4320	1370
2d —	5167	549
3d —	6449	1237
4th —	6935	2757
5th —	9148	3957
*6th —	13077	*10076
*7th —	15394	*18394
	60,490	38,340
	38,340	

Difference 22,150

* In the 6th and 7th wards the Census has not been taken: their numbers are estimated, and the average is believed correct.

Interments in New-York, during the week, ending Saturday evening, October 1.—

In the different cemeteries of the City.

Adults	20
Children	20

In Potter's Field	—40
	90
	—130

Of this number there died of the Epidemic, as appears by the Returns

Of other diseases	64
Total	—130

DEATHS AND CASES.—The whole number of new cases reported by the Committee during the last week, is

The number of Deaths	214
Difference	66
	—148

INTERMENTS in the different burying grounds of the city of Baltimore, for the week, ending the 3d inst. at sun-rise—Adults, 9; Children, 15—Total, 24.

FEVER AT ALEXANDRIA.

Reports of the Committee of Health.

Sept. 29.—Four deaths.

Sept. 30.—Two deaths.

Oct. 3.—For 48 hours, ten deaths.

Oct. 4.—Two deaths.

Oct. 5. Four deaths.

Dartmouth (Eng.) June 23d.

A Bold and successful experiment was yesterday tried off this port, with a vessel entirely on a new construction; and if you conceive the discovery to be of that importance to Government, and the merchants of this kingdom that I do, you will, I am sure, give an account of it to the public with as much pleasure as I communicate it to you.

This vessel (the invention of Mr. Newman of this place) appears to be wholly different in form, construction and principle, from any thing ever yet intrusted to the waves, being built entirely with straight timber, and resembling more (when on the ground) a hog's trough than any other thing, the bottom and sides being perfectly flat, and square at both ends; is about ninety feet long and eighteen wide; draws but three feet water, and is steered, not by a rudder hung to her stern-post (which in full built vessels has never a proper effect) but by two small fins, which expand from the sides, and which have an effect that explode the present mode of steering altogether. This vessel so constructed was launched about a month since, and though she has now been ready for sea at least three weeks, it was not until yesterday that any seamen could be prevailed on to make trial of her, and the experiment would probably have been wholly relinquished, but for the noble and patriotic exertions of Captain Holyes and Mr. Jeffery, the inspector of the King's ships building at this port, who volunteered their services with Mr. N. and were soon joined by several experienced ship-masters and pilots belonging to the port. She started from her moorings about 8 o'clock in the forenoon, and went down the river, which was lined with thousands of spectators, preserving an awful silence, the wind having every appearance of coming to blow hard, and the general belief that she would never again return to the port. But, to the astonishment of all, before she reached the Narrows, she ordered all the boats that attended her to return, and immediately, under a crowd of sail, dashed boldly out of the

channel. She had not proceeded far before the nautical men were so struck with her manœuvres that they seemed to doubt their existence; and, after a cruise of ten hours, and a most complete trial with more than 20 different cruises, in every way and movement, she beat up this narrow river against a strong wind, in a manner superior to any thing ever seen by the oldest seamen in the port, amidst repeated discharges, of cannon, and acclamations of the inhabitants.

Marriages.

MARRIED, at Washington, on the 25th ult. Mr. Tunis Craven, merchant of Alexandria, to Miss Hannah Tingey, daughter of Capt. Thomas Tingey, of the former place.

—, on the 29th ult. by Frederick Wolbert, esq. Mr. George Sbrunk, aged 81, to Miss Chastarine Elizabeth Kellerman, aged 40, both of the Northern Liberties.

—, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Roberts, Mr. George Washington Jones, merchant, to Miss Esther Allibone, daughter of Mr. Thomas Allibone, all of this city.

—, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Woodruff, Mr. Abraham H. Inskeep, merchant of this city, to Miss Maria Gales, daughter of Gen. James Gales, of Bridgetown, West New-Jersey.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 27th ult. at New-York, of a lingering consumption, Frances Hodgkinson, the celebrated comedian actress of the New-York Theatre.

—, on the 28th ult. Joseph M. Cottringer, son of Mr. Garret Cottringer, of this city.

—, at Boston, on the 2d inst. Hon. Samuel Adams, esq. late Governor of Massachusetts. Mr. Adams has long been a valetudinarian, and has experienced much of the indisposition and bodily pains, natural to the infirmities of age. He had reached his 81st year.

—, on the 2d inst. Mr. Israel Brown, merchant, of the house of Summerl and Brown, of this city.

—, some day, of the malignant fever, Mr. William Hicks, keeper of the Anchor Tavern, in Market-street, near the Delaware.

—, on the 4th instant, of the prevailing epidemic, Miss Anna Browne, daughter of Mr. John Browne of the Northern Liberties; a young lady distinguished for her amiableness and virtue.

—, on the 4th inst. after 6 days illness, of the prevailing fever, Robert Turnbull. He has left a widow and four children to bemoan his loss.

—, on the 5th inst. Mr. Thomas Allison, son of Mr. Robert Allison, of this city, in the 21st year of his age.

—, at Germantown, on the 6th inst. Miss Margaret Geddes, of this city, after a long and painful illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude and resignation.

—, at Rome, M. Dominique Corti, Et. 85,—a celebrated Painter, who has left behind him a great number of very fine pictures.

—, At Killingly, Mrs. Hannah Cady, Et. 100. She could say, "Arise daughter, and go to thy daughter; for thy daughter's daughter hath got a daughter."

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. HOGAN.

The present gloom that pervades our city, has given rise to the following mournful thoughts: if they meet your approbation, please insert them in your next Repository. I. E.

NOW had the Sun withdrew his cheering light,
Sunk in the west, and hid from mortal's sight;
Night, cheerless Night, her sable curtain drew,
And to repose each busy mortal flew,
To bid the bustling world a short adieu;
Each winged warbler ceas'd its shrill-ton'd lay,
And all the forest felt the want of day;
The lowing herd no longer range the plain;
Nor bleating flock (to cheer the jovial swain)
Whitening the scene, to pluck the herbage goes,
For sheep and shepherd's sunk in sleep's repose:
Nature is gone to rest, 'tis silence all
Fills a large space on earth's revolving ball;
A solemn buzz prevades, while deeper rest
On the whole face of nature seems impress.
Now Luna rolls her shining orb on high,
Her starry train now glimmers in the sky,
Chasing the gloom, or nature all would be
Lost in itself, from Chaos never free.
But Nature knows its God! and quickly hears,—
Hears and obeys what Nature's God declares;
By Heaven inform'd, the beasts that range the plain,
Or scaly tribe that swim the raging main,
Each in their several stations stand confest
Heaven's work complete, and, in their natures, blest.
Tho' partial ills surround and dangers swarm,
And no one being lives secure from harm;
Yet in the general scale their general joy's
United, balance all in equal poise;
All harmonize, tho' man's contracted sphere,
Views but in part the works of Nature here;
And could his bounded pow'rs, from pole to pole
Embrace the world, and grasp its mighty whole,
Still would his finite span be found to be
By far too short, bound by INFINITY:
For in the vast immensity of space,
Roll other worlds their heaven-directed race.
"Man know thyself!"—adoring, learn to prize
What Heav'n gives, and what kind Heaven denies:
Dare not to covet,—realize, thou art
Of "God's almighty whole a little part."

And now 'tis dreary midnight hovers round,
And wearied millions in repose are found;
And many restless on a bed of pain,
Rolling in anguish, fearfully complain.
How oft the feeble taper's glimmering light,
Twinkling amidst the tedious hours of night,
Faint burning spreads around its lowering flame,
Lighting grim Death to seize his destin'd claim!
Methinks I see where burning fever press,
And hear the groans of anguish and distress.

From the sick-bed, with many sighs, arise,
Where the fond husband and the parent lies;
While rest or ease the fierce disease denies.
Methinks I see, his friends encircling round,
All, all in deep expressive silence bound;
The faithful partner of his nuptial cares,
With heart-felt anguish lost in sobs and tears,
Stand weeping by, with all their little loves,
Waiting in sorrow 'till his soul removes.
The deep distressing thought pervades my soul;
With grief like theirs I view the sorrowing whole;
Nature, 'midst all her keenest anguish, sees
No greater sorrows than such scenes as these:—
For, ah! he dies! when all their stifled grief
Bursts its sad bounds, and struggles for relief
By loud lamenting,—every joy is fled—
A husband kind, and tender parent's dead!

But are they hopeless left?—let faith arise,
And raise each sorrowing soul above the skies;
There view the SAVIOUR GOD, for mortals slain,
That mortals might to forfeit joys attain.
The great GOD-MAN! liv'd once on earth, to save;
He pluck'd the sting from Death, and vict'ry from the
Grave:
This cheering joy, with the expiring breath,
Buys the soul above the fear of Death.....

Now change the mournful scene; see horrors rise
Where angry waters war with vengeful skies!
Where foaming billows roll, and surges sweep
The yawning bosom of the mighty deep;
Where winds with waves contend, and thunders roar,
And threat'ning breakers line the leeward shore:—
Pain'd fancy shudders, when, methinks I see
The well-plank'd vessel ride the furious sea;
Toss'd by the wave she mounts the swelling tide,
Then swift descends where raging waves divide.
Dangers and death in all directions swarm,
'Midst the wild tempest and the gathering storm;
Fatigued, the master all his skill displays,
Each hardy tar as willingly obeys;
All hands employ'd, while raging winds unfurl
Their utmost fury, and the buzzing curl
Of agitated waters foam around,
And night's dark mantle all the scene surround.
Wide o'er the gloom the forked lightnings play,
And for each moment mimic fearful day;
Then darkness, painful darkness swift succeeds;
Each fearful contrast dares almighty deeds;
In quick succession, gloom and light, by turns
Obtain the mastery, and old Ocean burns
And boils with rage; then ruin from afar,
Marks the dread pow'r of elemental war.
Not all the master's skill, or seaman's pow'r,
Can save the crew in this disastrous hour;
The batter'd ship, lash'd by infuriate tides,
A wretched, mastless hulk, ungovern'd rides
On wild tumultuous waves, and nought can save
Her sea-beat tenants from a watery grave—
Can save the fainting crew, of hope bereft;
For no alternate to despair is left.
When death surrounds in all its ghastly form,
Amidst the ravage of the dreadful storm;
None! none but He who bid the tempest rage,
Can check the tempest, and its wrath assuage:
None! none but He who bid the billows rise,

And loo'd the fury of tempestuous skies,
Can check the curling billows as they boil,
And bid a milder sky serenely smile.
'Tis GOD who mounts the whirlwind from afar,
And makes the tempest his transporting car;
Directs and governs all,—and all obeys
His just commands, in universal praise.
The thunders loud His dreadful praises roar,
And lightnings flash His praise from shore to shore;
The dying breeze in sweetly-soothing lays,
Whispers His will, and calmly speaks his praise:
Nature around in every form displays
The work of Heav'n, and renders Heav'n the praise,
Heaven, kind to all, to all its blessings gives;
Suited to each, the boon that each receives:
To man alone kind Heaven gives to see
Beyond the grave a vast eternity,
Where bliss supreme, and joys eternal reign,
Or endless woes, and everlasting pain....
Then may he learn, and know, and choose aright,
Before his sun is set in endless night. I. E.

SELECTED.

TO THE HUMAN COUNTENANCE.

MYSTIC source of strange expression,
Fairer link of nature's chain,
Stamp'd with God's divine impression
O'er his mighty works to reign:—
Whence, O say, thy mighty treasure?
From what wide unknown abyss,
Ever yield thou endless pleasure,
Speechless, gentlest, wildest bliss?
Is it in thy front aspiring,
Where the virgin lily blows,
While, with living purple firing,
Spreads the gentle blushing rose?
Or, with pensive lustre streaming,
Where yon sparkling glories rise,
Sweetly sad, like Cynthia beaming,
In thy love-inspiring eyes?
Is it in yon bed of roses,
Breathing thousand odours round;
Lucy's lips, where love reposes,
In etherial letters bound?
Or in yonder winding dimples,
Magic cells of fairy art,
Where the elfin, culling simples,
Brews his spell upon the heart?
"Cease, O cease thee, sightless creature,"
Thus I hear the stern reply,
"Tis not in one wizard feature
My enchanting sources lie;—
Neither yet, where gently flowing,
Each in each congenial run
Softly blending, fading, glowing,
Sweetly struggling into one;
But in that mysterious union,
Secret source of strange controul,
In that sweet, divine communion
Of the features and the soul.
Ponder, then, O child of pleasure;
"Haste to seize on Virtue's grace,
Would'st thou have the magic treasure
Of a love inspiring face."